

# Mock Up on Mu by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Sample]

Spare us the shame of being killed by a boy!  
Kings must be killed by kings!  
Hahahahaa! A fine king you'd make!  
A king who can't even kill his enemy!  
And has to ask others to do it for him!  
Even on a battlefield! Hahahahhahaaa! Hahaha!  
(Crowds cheer)

[Chorus: Method Man Sample]

No n-no competition to the shit we got here  
The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear  
Got the Glock, got the Glock, got got the Glock  
To ya headpiece, what!  
No n-no noo- competition to the shit we got here  
The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear  
Kill the fear, kill the fear  
Got the Glock to ya headpiece, what, what, what  
What

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I got the blick of the wild gunman  
Sit the fuck down, it was never about nothin'  
Jack Paar's espionage of a loud dungeon  
Little (Nub Millah) was talkin' about pumpin'  
Being a sinner became painful  
It's clear revelations that came as a strange angel  
My brother is my brother we came from the same cradle  
These ain't mink, (bahna) these made from a gray sable  
I ain't the motherfucker you should box with  
We can take it to the guns, homie this a chopstick  
Put the muhfcucka in your mouth like it's a swab stick  
Bring the box-cutter in the muhfuckin' cockpit  
Play (Entiro Roja) till the day break  
I can never be a dollar short or a day late  
The SIG Sauer P320 is my namesake  
The bullet has so much kinetic energy the wave break

[Chorus: Method Man Sample] (x2)

No competition to the shit we got here

The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear

Got the Glock, got the Glock to ya headpiece, what

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

This the reckoning here

This is napalm, that's the smell of death in the air

You want bombockaat war then the weapons appear

I'm the CD don, squeaky frog and mescaline heir

The Sunnah of the Prophet, that's the actual fact

You think talkin' to one-time is a natural act

You see talkin' to one-time that's a vaginal act

I went to Pet Semetary now the animal back

We burnin' sage, we the Northern Arapaho

My heart black homie and it's colder than gazpacho

It's a hail of bullets comin' better get yourself a poncho

Bandana low on my eyes like I'm a chicano

I don't look at homie as a rival, he a custy

He stink like patchouli his entirety is dusty

Put a fatwah on his head like he Rushdie

Me and you is like puttin' a shark against a guppy

[Chorus: Method Man Sample] (x2)

No competition to the shit we got here

The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear

Got the Glock to ya headpiece, what